

Among Men who Work with Hand or Brain

True Adventure of the Road—How a "Knocker" Was Taught a Lesson.

By C. R. COOPER.

THE ordinary conception of a traveling salesman is that he is a person who sits around hotel lobbies and tells funny stories, plays poker continuously, and dines with every pretty girl he sees. That may have been the case once upon a time with some of the men who make the road. But with the general run of traveling salesmen, with the successful ones, at least, things are mighty different.

"The road" today is one of hustle and of work. There is competition everywhere; the man who sells goods and makes a success for himself and for his house has not time in which to "fool around." True, there are months and months when he does not travel at all, but in the time he is out on the road he must be working every minute, scheming out ways in which to cover the most territory in the least space of time, and endeavoring in every way to do the best that is possible for his house.

And today in the life of the traveling salesman is no longer the day of the sharp and the knocker. A man must play a fair game and a fair game. He must give the man he is selling good products and the right prices, for he knows that he must make the territory again. And as for "knocking," the goods of another salesman—that is a law of the road that is immutable.

"It never does any good to knock," said an old salesman, "and the sooner a man finds it out the better it is for him. And you'll find that mighty few of the old salesmen will do it. It doesn't get a fellow anywhere. I remember teaching a little lesson of that kind to a man who was new to the road."

"It was down in the Omaha-Pineville, Mo., in fact. I had come into town by stage and had left the vehicle at a little restaurant, as it was late in the morning, telling the stage driver to take the trunks around to the hotel."

Competitor Saw Me Arrive.

"Well, it seems that a young fellow who was just starting out on the road with the same sort of a line as I was handling was standing in front of the hotel when my trunks were unloaded and saw the label on my boxes. I didn't know it at the time and if I had I wouldn't have cared. I had these labels on the trunks so people could find them."

"After I had eaten I roamed over to the hotel and opened up, and when I had laid out my stock I started out to see what I could find in the town. It was the first time I had ever been in the place and my house was without a customer there. It was up to me to find one."

"I was handling a line of young men's clothing at that time that was trademarked and had a lot of good printers' ink behind it. And I don't care what you say, when you've got a good line, backed up by a trademark and wise advertising, you've got the greatest thing in the world in your favor."

"Well, you got here pretty quick, didn't you?" my man said when I had introduced myself.

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, I just wrote your firm day before yesterday, saying I'd like to look over your line. I wasn't looking for you for a couple of weeks yet."

"I realized that I had bumped into some good luck unexpectedly and determined to make the most of it."

"I was over at Langan's," I told him, "and when the house wired me it was pretty easy for me just to take the stage over. And so here I am. I've got the classiest line of goods you ever fastened your eyes on and it's laid out ready for inspection. Whenever you're ready, I am."

Then, just when everything was going nicely, things began to cloud up.

"But I can't do any business today," my man said. "Both of my clerks are sick and I'm all alone at the store here. I can't leave it. I haven't time to look at samples. Couldn't you come back this way some other time?"

Changed Places with Owner.

"Well, you know what that would mean—the loss of a day, and perhaps of another later on. I pleaded with him to let me bring the samples to the store. No, he wouldn't see every one of them and there was no place for showing goods. Besides, there was no time for it. I told him I would stay there that night, and he would see the goods after he closed up. That didn't work either. He had to go to Langan's as soon as work was over and remain there until early the next morning, when he would return in time to open up the store. I was beginning to get desperate. His man really was the only one in town that was worth while from my standpoint. And besides, I did not like the idea of waiting a day or taking that ride over the hills again. At last there came a bright idea."

"What do you use for marking, I asked, plain figures or code?"

"Plain. Why?"

"So do I. Every sample I have is marked in plain figures and they sell for exactly those figures. There wouldn't be a chance of getting a cut price if the Lord himself asked for it. I'm just telling you this ahead of time, so you'll know. Now, I tell you what I'll do. Why can't we play a little game in which we trust each other? I'll take care of the store here while you go over to the hotel and look over my stuff. I'll give the hotel keeper a note to let you into the sample room. You can paw around all you want to, and there's only one provision to make. If you see a piece of goods you like, mark down the number on a piece of paper, and the price. Everything you see there represents the exact stuff as it comes from the house of F. O. B. Chicago. And while you're gone, I'll be cashing here, head clerk, and owner if necessary. I ought to know a little about this business, and if I make a mistake I'll pay for it if it costs a thousand dollars. Are you game?"

"He looked at me a minute in surprise, then laughed."

Started to "Knock" Goods.

"Give me the note," he said. "I'm on if you are. I'll buy what I can and you sell what you can. I guess that's a fair bargain."

"Well, he had hardly gotten out of the store when the young fellow who had seen my trunks came skulking in. From the way he struck for the pile of clothing on the first table and began to rub the cloth of the coat, I realized that he might be a salesman, but I wasn't sure. And so I hurried up and putting on my best deer style voice, inquired:

"Anything I can do for you today?"

"Are you the buyer?" he asked.

"Well, not exactly," I answered. "The owner is out right now. But I'm attending to his business. What can I do for you?"

"I'd like to sell a little bill of goods," he said, handing me his card. I saw that he represented a house that was fighting us hard. "By the way," he continued, "you're not handling any of the Beemer line of stuff, are you?"

"That was my house and I almost grinned when he asked the question."

"Not yet," I said, "but we've been thinking somewhat about putting in a little line. It's pretty good stuff, I understand, and advertised well!"

"Yes, and that's all there is to it, the advertising," he announced. "If there ever was a bunch of crooks on earth, it's that Beemer gang. I noticed that one of their salesmen was in town today and so that's the reason I asked you. You know, he continued, edging up a little closer to me, "I don't like to see a man get stung. And so I thought I'd speak to you about it."

"That's thoughtful," I told him, kicking myself all the time to keep from laughing. "But just what's the matter with the firm? I have always heard that it was a pretty reputable bunch."

"Reputable? Nothing of the kind. In the first place they don't live up to their samples. They'll show you a line of stuff that will look like it was made for kings. But just wait until you get your shipment! You'll think you've been to a remnant sale."

three decades academically, is attracting the layman as well. There has been a consequent growth in a pseudo-psychology of greater volume than the output of the true science, and its followers proudly rank themselves with the regulars who in turn count these pseudo-psychologists as philistines of the philistines.

Right Use of Psychology.

But this increased knowledge in the world of what constitutes the mind, our curiosity, is a legitimate thing even though the real psychologists think that in the making of a handbook the one legitimate use of psychological material has been made. It is easy to sympathize with both parties to this suit, for in a sense the psychologist does with the mind what the disector with his scalpel does with his subject. In this sense real psychologists can be but few, far fewer in number than doctors, because as yet there are but few practical fields of work for them. But just as few all great and highly trained chemists, such men as used to have a place only in the laboratory of the scholar, so in the highly trained psychologist may be given employment in the business world.

No matter how much we are lured to a study of psychology in a well founded hope that we can learn things that will give us practical aid in life and business, we are soon repelled if we branch out at all in our ambitions to know.

In comic pictures there are frequently depicted the unexpected results when some glib inventor attempts to put his invention to a practical test. His invention is great, but when he proceeds to demonstrate it, he wonders something unexpected happens. The cartoonist usually represents this something as a great blurring whirl of pieces of man, machine, and of everything else in its immediate neighborhood. Just such a blur as this is what modern psychology means most to us, for there are biological psychology, physiological psychology, experimental psychology, educational psychology, sociological psychology, and pathological psychology. Besides this there is the psychology of history, of art, of music, etc. If men fought over different opinions on the right side of the constitution of mental life as they did when theology ruled the minds and thoughts of men, there would hardly be any friendliness in the world.

The fact yet remains that we must go to psychology. Really if we would study how personalities grow. "What is our personality, seen from the psychological point of view?" asks Prof. Hugo Münsterberg. After discussing consciousness and the content of consciousness—personality being the central fact of consciousness, the fundamental idea which grows and influences the development of mental life—he says: "Psychology shows how this idea of ego grows steadily side by side with the idea of alter, and how it associates with itself the whole manifoldness of personal achievements and experiences. Psychology shows how it develops toward a sociological personality, appropriating everything which works in the world under the control of our will, in the interest of our influence, just as our body works, including this our name and our clothing, our friends and our work, our property and our social community."



"I Ran Around the Table and Grabbed Him."

There's no quality to their stuff and there isn't any style. There's not a man in the firm that could walk around the block without going in circles, they're so crooked."

"Of course, the joke all the time was on him, but just the same it made me hot under the collar to stand there and listen to him abuse the firm that I was working for. I knew that he was lying in every word, because if ever there was a straight bunch of men it was the Beemers. Once or twice I started to burst out something, or run him out of the store. Then I determined to just let him go on and talk himself to death."

Residing, the store was as good a place as any for him to be. If he went back to the hotel he might run into my customer and put some of his slander in his ear. And it might not be too late to kill my sale. And so I encouraged him to talk on.

"I'm mighty glad you came in when you did," I said. "I just wrote the firm the other day that I'd like to have a salesman drop in on me some time, and I guess they sent you over. But, of course, if this is the kind of a firm you say it is, I want to know all about it."

"And I can tell you all about it," he answered. "Why, do you know what they did down here in Joplin last year? The man built his whole reputation on the fact that he was going to handle the Beemer line. Well, what happened? He advertised the goods heavy, he got up a series of posters, and then when the goods came in he had a lot of calls for it. But to tell the truth, that man simply had to turn his customers away. He said, 'the quality of the stuff that had been sent him and he wasn't crooked enough to deal it out to the people that had been his customers.'"

three decades academically, is attracting the layman as well. There has been a consequent growth in a pseudo-psychology of greater volume than the output of the true science, and its followers proudly rank themselves with the regulars who in turn count these pseudo-psychologists as philistines of the philistines.

Right Use of Psychology.

But this increased knowledge in the world of what constitutes the mind, our curiosity, is a legitimate thing even though the real psychologists think that in the making of a handbook the one legitimate use of psychological material has been made. It is easy to sympathize with both parties to this suit, for in a sense the psychologist does with the mind what the disector with his scalpel does with his subject. In this sense real psychologists can be but few, far fewer in number than doctors, because as yet there are but few practical fields of work for them. But just as few all great and highly trained chemists, such men as used to have a place only in the laboratory of the scholar, so in the highly trained psychologist may be given employment in the business world.

No matter how much we are lured to a study of psychology in a well founded hope that we can learn things that will give us practical aid in life and business, we are soon repelled if we branch out at all in our ambitions to know.

In comic pictures there are frequently depicted the unexpected results when some glib inventor attempts to put his invention to a practical test. His invention is great, but when he proceeds to demonstrate it, he wonders something unexpected happens. The cartoonist usually represents this something as a great blurring whirl of pieces of man, machine, and of everything else in its immediate neighborhood. Just such a blur as this is what modern psychology means most to us, for there are biological psychology, physiological psychology, experimental psychology, educational psychology, sociological psychology, and pathological psychology. Besides this there is the psychology of history, of art, of music, etc. If men fought over different opinions on the right side of the constitution of mental life as they did when theology ruled the minds and thoughts of men, there would hardly be any friendliness in the world.

The fact yet remains that we must go to psychology. Really if we would study how personalities grow. "What is our personality, seen from the psychological point of view?" asks Prof. Hugo Münsterberg. After discussing consciousness and the content of consciousness—personality being the central fact of consciousness, the fundamental idea which grows and influences the development of mental life—he says: "Psychology shows how this idea of ego grows steadily side by side with the idea of alter, and how it associates with itself the whole manifoldness of personal achievements and experiences. Psychology shows how it develops toward a sociological personality, appropriating everything which works in the world under the control of our will, in the interest of our influence, just as our body works, including this our name and our clothing, our friends and our work, our property and our social community."

three decades academically, is attracting the layman as well. There has been a consequent growth in a pseudo-psychology of greater volume than the output of the true science, and its followers proudly rank themselves with the regulars who in turn count these pseudo-psychologists as philistines of the philistines.

Right Use of Psychology.

But this increased knowledge in the world of what constitutes the mind, our curiosity, is a legitimate thing even though the real psychologists think that in the making of a handbook the one legitimate use of psychological material has been made. It is easy to sympathize with both parties to this suit, for in a sense the psychologist does with the mind what the disector with his scalpel does with his subject. In this sense real psychologists can be but few, far fewer in number than doctors, because as yet there are but few practical fields of work for them. But just as few all great and highly trained chemists, such men as used to have a place only in the laboratory of the scholar, so in the highly trained psychologist may be given employment in the business world.

No matter how much we are lured to a study of psychology in a well founded hope that we can learn things that will give us practical aid in life and business, we are soon repelled if we branch out at all in our ambitions to know.

In comic pictures there are frequently depicted the unexpected results when some glib inventor attempts to put his invention to a practical test. His invention is great, but when he proceeds to demonstrate it, he wonders something unexpected happens. The cartoonist usually represents this something as a great blurring whirl of pieces of man, machine, and of everything else in its immediate neighborhood. Just such a blur as this is what modern psychology means most to us, for there are biological psychology, physiological psychology, experimental psychology, educational psychology, sociological psychology, and pathological psychology. Besides this there is the psychology of history, of art, of music, etc. If men fought over different opinions on the right side of the constitution of mental life as they did when theology ruled the minds and thoughts of men, there would hardly be any friendliness in the world.

The fact yet remains that we must go to psychology. Really if we would study how personalities grow. "What is our personality, seen from the psychological point of view?" asks Prof. Hugo Münsterberg. After discussing consciousness and the content of consciousness—personality being the central fact of consciousness, the fundamental idea which grows and influences the development of mental life—he says: "Psychology shows how this idea of ego grows steadily side by side with the idea of alter, and how it associates with itself the whole manifoldness of personal achievements and experiences. Psychology shows how it develops toward a sociological personality, appropriating everything which works in the world under the control of our will, in the interest of our influence, just as our body works, including this our name and our clothing, our friends and our work, our property and our social community."

three decades academically, is attracting the layman as well. There has been a consequent growth in a pseudo-psychology of greater volume than the output of the true science, and its followers proudly rank themselves with the regulars who in turn count these pseudo-psychologists as philistines of the philistines.

Right Use of Psychology.

But this increased knowledge in the world of what constitutes the mind, our curiosity, is a legitimate thing even though the real psychologists think that in the making of a handbook the one legitimate use of psychological material has been made. It is easy to sympathize with both parties to this suit, for in a sense the psychologist does with the mind what the disector with his scalpel does with his subject. In this sense real psychologists can be but few, far fewer in number than doctors, because as yet there are but few practical fields of work for them. But just as few all great and highly trained chemists, such men as used to have a place only in the laboratory of the scholar, so in the highly trained psychologist may be given employment in the business world.

No matter how much we are lured to a study of psychology in a well founded hope that we can learn things that will give us practical aid in life and business, we are soon repelled if we branch out at all in our ambitions to know.

In comic pictures there are frequently depicted the unexpected results when some glib inventor attempts to put his invention to a practical test. His invention is great, but when he proceeds to demonstrate it, he wonders something unexpected happens. The cartoonist usually represents this something as a great blurring whirl of pieces of man, machine, and of everything else in its immediate neighborhood. Just such a blur as this is what modern psychology means most to us, for there are biological psychology, physiological psychology, experimental psychology, educational psychology, sociological psychology, and pathological psychology. Besides this there is the psychology of history, of art, of music, etc. If men fought over different opinions on the right side of the constitution of mental life as they did when theology ruled the minds and thoughts of men, there would hardly be any friendliness in the world.

The fact yet remains that we must go to psychology. Really if we would study how personalities grow. "What is our personality, seen from the psychological point of view?" asks Prof. Hugo Münsterberg. After discussing consciousness and the content of consciousness—personality being the central fact of consciousness, the fundamental idea which grows and influences the development of mental life—he says: "Psychology shows how this idea of ego grows steadily side by side with the idea of alter, and how it associates with itself the whole manifoldness of personal achievements and experiences. Psychology shows how it develops toward a sociological personality, appropriating everything which works in the world under the control of our will, in the interest of our influence, just as our body works, including this our name and our clothing, our friends and our work, our property and our social community."

three decades academically, is attracting the layman as well. There has been a consequent growth in a pseudo-psychology of greater volume than the output of the true science, and its followers proudly rank themselves with the regulars who in turn count these pseudo-psychologists as philistines of the philistines.

Right Use of Psychology.

But this increased knowledge in the world of what constitutes the mind, our curiosity, is a legitimate thing even though the real psychologists think that in the making of a handbook the one legitimate use of psychological material has been made. It is easy to sympathize with both parties to this suit, for in a sense the psychologist does with the mind what the disector with his scalpel does with his subject. In this sense real psychologists can be but few, far fewer in number than doctors, because as yet there are but few practical fields of work for them. But just as few all great and highly trained chemists, such men as used to have a place only in the laboratory of the scholar, so in the highly trained psychologist may be given employment in the business world.

No matter how much we are lured to a study of psychology in a well founded hope that we can learn things that will give us practical aid in life and business, we are soon repelled if we branch out at all in our ambitions to know.

bought close to \$1,500 worth of goods. It made my heart jump in the right direction to see that, too. Then I turned to the young salesman.

"Now, young man," I began, and I adopted a stern, parental air, "this is the owner of the store. You can talk to him if you want to, but I don't think it will do you much good. He has bought about all the stuff that he wants for the coming season. He bought it from me."

"The fellow's face went blank."

"From you?" he asked.

Made Him Retell Story.

"Yes, from me. I happen to represent the firm that you've been telling me about for the last two hours. Now, I want you to start right in and tell Mr. Calvert every word that you told me. And I want to stay right here and hear it."

"But, I never saw such a face in all my life. It turned suddenly blue, then red, then white. It was a regular American flag with the stars left out. Suddenly he withdrew and started to leave the store without a word. I ran around the table and grabbed him."

"You stay right here," I commanded, "or I'll make you stay! Mr. Calvert, I said, 'while you were away this young fellow here walked into the store and, thinking I was the owner, did something so honorable a man would do, began to knock my goods. Now, I want you to hear just exactly what he said—and I want you to remember it. When my shipment comes in, if every piece is not up to what the sample showed, I'll pay you double for it. That's all. Now, youngster, begin your little tale of woe.'

"But I had taken all the starch out of him. He seemed suddenly to have weakened. The knowledge that he had been telling his manufactured tale to the very salesman who handled the goods he had been deluding was a little too much for him to assimilate all at once. He tried to knock like he had knocked before, but all the 'paw' had departed and his arguments were lifeless, without sense. My customer listened awhile, then started to walk away."

"I've heard about all of that I want to," he said. "I bought \$1,500 worth of goods because it looked good to me. The prices were marked plain and I saw what I was buying. If it isn't good, I have a more than fair offer in regard to sending it back. And I guess that's about all there is to it. You can trot along, young fellow—and the next time you're in town, just pass up this store. I don't like to buy from knockers. A fellow that's always got his hammer out for somebody else is going to use it on you, too, the first chance he gets. That'll be about all now. Trot along."

Told Him a Few Things.

"But the time wasn't right for trotting. I had a few words to say myself. I gripped the little slip by his coat lapels and glared into his eyes."

"Look here," I said, "there are two things I ought to do to you. The first would be to give you the worst beating you ever had in your life. The second would be to write to your firm and tell the kind of tactics you use in trying to sell your goods and to hurt the other fellow. I'm not going to do either, because I'm not made of the same stuff you are. I'm going to give you another chance. But let me hear of you trying this stunt again and I'll do both! That's all."

"He walked out of the store with his head hanging. I never heard of him knocking again either, and about a year after, when the lesson I had given him had had time to really sink in, he wrote me a letter, apologizing and thanking me for talking to him. I had. He's a pretty good salesman now—but he doesn't knock."

"And incidentally I didn't have to make that offer good. Not a piece of goods came back and the merchant continued to be my customer as long as I was with the firm. Sometimes, as they say, a knock is a booster you know. I believe that merchant would have bought from me if I had been handling pig iron instead of garments."

"The clerk has already opened up the store and is selling goods. Mr. Reznor drops in, takes a look around, meets some of the customers and jolies them if they have any complaints, opens a few bags of nails or sells some bolts if business is heavy, and then travels on again."

His next stop is at his candy factory and bake shop. There he personally supervises the baking and the making of candy, arranges the windows, sells a little goods, and looks at his watch. It's time to be hurrying away."

There are customers to be taken out in a motor car and shown the beauties of owning an automobile. That happens two or three times a week and Reznor must always have a few hours to spare in which to work up his motor car trade. Then, when that is over, he hustles out to South Sharon, where he runs a up state drug store. After that time is his own—or he can start all over and make the rounds once more, just as he pleases.

"The clerk has already opened up the store and is selling goods. Mr. Reznor drops in, takes a look around, meets some of the customers and jolies them if they have any complaints, opens a few bags of nails or sells some bolts if business is heavy, and then travels on again."

His next stop is at his candy factory and bake shop. There he personally supervises the baking and the making of candy, arranges the windows, sells a little goods, and looks at his watch. It's time to be hurrying away."

There are customers to be taken out in a motor car and shown the beauties of owning an automobile. That happens two or three times a week and Reznor must always have a few hours to spare in which to work up his motor car trade. Then, when that is over, he hustles out to South Sharon, where he runs a up state drug store. After that time is his own—or he can start all over and make the rounds once more, just as he pleases.

"The clerk has already opened up the store and is selling goods. Mr. Reznor drops in, takes a look around, meets some of the customers and jolies them if they have any complaints, opens a few bags of nails or sells some bolts if business is heavy, and then travels on again."

His next stop is at his candy factory and bake shop. There he personally supervises the baking and the making of candy, arranges the windows, sells a little goods, and looks at his watch. It's time to be hurrying away."

There are customers to be taken out in a motor car and shown the beauties of owning an automobile. That happens two or three times a week and Reznor must always have a few hours to spare in which to work up his motor car trade. Then, when that is over, he hustles out to South Sharon, where he runs a up state drug store. After that time is his own—or he can start all over and make the rounds once more, just as he pleases.

"The clerk has already opened up the store and is selling goods. Mr. Reznor drops in, takes a look around, meets some of the customers and jolies them if they have any complaints, opens a few bags of nails or sells some bolts if business is heavy, and then travels on again."

His next stop is at his candy factory and bake shop. There he personally supervises the baking and the making of candy, arranges the windows, sells a little goods, and looks at his watch. It's time to be hurrying away."

There are customers to be taken out in a motor car and shown the beauties of owning an automobile. That happens two or three times a week and Reznor must always have a few hours to spare in which to work up his motor car trade. Then, when that is over, he hustles out to South Sharon, where he runs a up state drug store. After that time is his own—or he can start all over and make the rounds once more, just as he pleases.

"The clerk has already opened up the store and is selling goods. Mr. Reznor drops in, takes a look around, meets some of the customers and jolies them if they have any complaints, opens a few bags of nails or sells some bolts if business is heavy, and then travels on again."

His next stop is at his candy factory and bake shop. There he personally supervises the baking and the making of candy, arranges the windows, sells a little goods, and looks at his watch. It's time to be hurrying away."

There are customers to be taken out in a motor car and shown the beauties of owning an automobile. That happens two or three times a week and Reznor must always have a few hours to spare in which to work up his motor car trade. Then, when that is over, he hustles out to South Sharon, where he runs a up state drug store. After that time is his own—or he can start all over and make the rounds once more, just as he pleases.

"The clerk has already opened up the store and is selling goods. Mr. Reznor drops in, takes a look around, meets some of the customers and jolies them if they have any complaints, opens a few bags of nails or sells some bolts if business is heavy, and then travels on again."

His next stop is at his candy factory and bake shop. There he personally supervises the baking and the making of candy, arranges the windows, sells a little goods, and looks at his watch. It's time to be hurrying away."

There are customers to be taken out in a motor car and shown the beauties of owning an automobile. That happens two or three times a week and Reznor must always have a few hours to spare in which to work up his motor car trade. Then, when that is over, he hustles out to South Sharon, where he runs a up state drug store. After that time is his own—or he can start all over and make the rounds once more, just as he pleases.

"The clerk has already opened up the store and is selling goods. Mr. Reznor drops in, takes a look around, meets some of the customers and jolies them if they have any complaints, opens a few bags of nails or sells some bolts if business is heavy, and then travels on again."

His next stop is at his candy factory and bake shop. There he personally supervises the baking and the making of candy, arranges the windows, sells a little goods, and looks at his watch. It's time to be hurrying away."

There are customers to be taken out in a motor car and shown the beauties of owning an automobile. That happens two or three times a week and Reznor must always have a few hours to spare in which to work up his motor car trade. Then, when that is over, he hustles out to South Sharon, where he runs a up state drug store. After that time is his own—or he can start all over and make the rounds once more, just as he pleases.

"The clerk has already opened up the store and is selling goods. Mr. Reznor drops in, takes a look around, meets some of the customers and jolies them if they have any complaints, opens a few bags of nails or sells some bolts if business is heavy, and then travels on again."

His next stop is at his candy factory and bake shop. There he personally supervises the baking and the making of candy, arranges the windows, sells a little goods, and looks at his watch. It's time to be hurrying away."

There are customers to be taken out in a motor car and shown the beauties of owning an automobile. That happens two or three times a week and Reznor must always have a few hours to spare in which to work up his motor car trade. Then, when that is over, he hustles out to South Sharon, where he runs a up state drug store. After that time is his own—or he can start all over and make the rounds once more, just as he pleases.

"The clerk has already opened up the store and is selling goods. Mr. Reznor drops in, takes a look around, meets some of the customers and jolies them if they have any complaints, opens a few bags of nails or sells some bolts if business is heavy, and then travels on again."

His next stop is at his candy factory and bake shop. There he personally supervises the baking and the making of candy, arranges the windows, sells a little goods, and looks at his watch. It's time to be hurrying away."

There are customers to be taken out in a motor car and shown the beauties of owning an automobile. That happens two or three times a week and Reznor must always have a few hours to spare in which to work up his motor car trade. Then, when that is over, he hustles out to South Sharon, where he runs a up state drug store. After that time is his own—or he can start all over and make the rounds once more, just as he pleases.

"The clerk has already opened up the store and is selling goods. Mr. Reznor drops in, takes a look around, meets some of the customers and jolies them if they have any complaints, opens a few bags of nails or sells some bolts if business is heavy, and then travels on again."

Mend Your Personality if You Would Make Most of Yourself.

By C. S. MADDOCKS.

IN the social exchanges of the world, observation is a great coin. The power to observe, "to take it all in," to read character, to measure up a situation at a glance, is one of the most efficient instruments of the financier, the employer of labor, and all who trade in the markets for men. In its lower forms this power is counted as shrewdness; in its higher it is the embodiment of power that leads on to fortune.

The great scientist is great partly or largely because of his trained powers of observation. He can see worlds where you and I can see nothing but confusion. The great inventor is great because he can see the possibilities in things and in their combinations. The great moneyed man, who has made his money by being sharper than